

INSANITY IN THE BOOTH FAMILY.  
GEORGE D. PRENTICE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ELDER BOOTH.  
From the Louisville Journal, April 17.

There can be no doubt that J. Wilkes Booth, the distinguished actor, if guilty of having assassinated the President, should be hung. We would gladly have him hung so high that our people could see him by telescopes from all parts of the continent. We have no doubt that J. Wilkes Booth, though a man of great histrionic genius, has a broad streak of insanity in his nature; but the evidences of his long-contemplated, deliberately-considered, and terribly-executed crime, exclude and make impossible all considerations or thoughts of mercy. Oh, that he had twenty million necks—one for the private thought and feeling of every loyal man in the United States! About thirty-three years ago the elder Booth, the father of Wilkes, Edwin, etc., came to this city on a theatrical engagement. He sent for us to his hotel with many but very queer compliments. We went. He received us kindly, but strangely. In a little while he asked us if we were "armed." "Not much," we answered. "Well, how much?" said he. We drew from our pocket a spring knife, presented to us two days before, and gave it into his hand, showing him how it was to be used. He instantly raised it on high, and exclaimed in his tragic style, "What is to save you now?" We retired a step and replied, "What is to save me is your fear of this pistol." He responded in a most joyous laugh. "Oh, I don't care for knives or pistols, as I know you don't; but I wanted to find you worthy to be my friend." We told him that we had not thus far found him worthy of our friendship. He then asked us to go up to his room and see some of his departed friends. Having an awful prejudice against the sight of ghosts, we declined. He urged. We yielded. We went with him, and he introduced us to twelve or fifteen roosters, hens and pullets, his traveling companions through the country, saying that they were his deceased friends, and telling us the name of each. His solemnity was evidence of his sincerity. There was no hypocrisy in his soul.

The next night he was advertised for his third appearance at the theatre. An immense crowd assembled. He didn't show himself. Impatience became ir-ressible, and the people in the house had their money returned at the door. As we passed down a cross-street, a well-known voice from a carriage exclaimed, "Hallo! have you been at the theatre?" "Yes," we said. "What sort of an audience was there?" "A tremendous one." "Did they see Booth?" "No, and Booth treated them like a—dog!" "Ah, well, were they very much disappointed?" Two days afterwards we were sent for by the keeper of the city jail. Poor Booth was in his keeping. He had been taken in a state of unconsciousness from the streets, and was still unconscious. He had blacked himself blacker than the blackest negro in Kentucky. We helped him away from the city, and when he came again, he behaved better and spoke his gratitude to us. We do not mention these evidences of paternal insanity as the slightest reason for the sparing of President Lincoln's murderer from the gallows. We mention them simply because, at a time like this, they may be interesting to many readers. As for the assassin, we repeat at he should, if possible, be hung higher than the clouds.

BOOTH'S VISIT TO NEWBURGH.  
From the Newburgh Telegraph, April 19.

It was on a Sunday in October last that J. Wilkes Booth was in Newburgh. He was on his way to play an engagement at Buffalo, and got off the train arriving at Newburgh late on Saturday night, and made for the first place he found open. He visited several taverns, generally "blowing," as the boys say, considerably. He treated all hands in an off-handed, lavish manner, talked of his star engagements, handed out his cards, engraved "J. Wilkes Booth, tragedian," and got off a deal of bluster. Staying over night, he got into a clothing store Sunday morning, and bought some collars, etc. Finally he got across the river about noon. There are many in town who could identify him at a glance. On the night the hotels were fired in New York city, he and his two brothers appeared in one piece at Winter Garden, before a terribly crowded house. Since then Edwin Booth has played "Hamlet" at the same theatre, one hundred nights in succession, the greatest histrionic feat on record. Edwin Booth is a gentleman and a patriot, and to our judgment the finest impersonator of "Hamlet" that has yet appeared. The assassin seems to have been always a vain fool. He is now a tragedian indeed, and one who will never be forgotten.

CARD FROM MANAGER FORD.

As my name has been unhappily associated with the deplorable tragedy which has plunged the nation in sorrow, a brief statement is due the public—especially to those with whom I am personally acquainted.

Entertaining the highest respect and reverence for President Lincoln, I long ago placed the State box in my theatre in Washington at his command whenever he might see fit to attend the exhibitions; and of this privilege he has occasionally availed himself. On Tuesday, April 11, imperious filial duty constrained me to go to Richmond, and I had, and could have no connection, either in general or detail, with what transpired in Washington from that time forward.

John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, was not a member of my company, and had no engagement with me for over a year. As an actor who had attained some prominence in his profession, and was not suspected of evil intent would have had, he had the entire of my theatre; and of this privilege he availed himself to perpetrate the infamous crime which no one less suspected, with which no one had less sympathy, which no one would have done more to prevent, which no one more deeply deploras than I; yet that it should have taken place in a building under my control will always add poignancy to the regret which I feel in connection with my countrymen.

I have been surprised and pained to learn that since this event some persons, to whom my unwavering loyalty must be well known, have yet sought to place an unjust construction upon the fact that a rebel band had played at my theatre in Baltimore. That band came to me in Baltimore accredited as prisoners who had taken the oath of allegiance, and had performed at the War Department and at Grover's Theatre in Washington. Before receiving them I conferred with the military authorities, and engaged the band with their knowledge and full concurrence. They were instructed to play, and did play, the national airs, and played no Southern air or tune which could be construed as expressive of Southern sentiments or sympathies, except "Dixie," which our now lamented President had just proclaimed a "captured tune." It was designed but as a spectacle of captive musicians presenting a "captured tune," and as a gratification to loyal citizens. With such I have always acted, and to such this brief explanation, made at the earliest possible moment after my arrival home this morning, is due. Such can partially appreciate (I pray they may never fully know), the painful embarrassment in which this foul crime has placed me.

BALTIMORE, April 18, 1865.

JOHN T. FORD.

HIS PASSAGE THROUGH PROVIDENCE ON THE 5TH.

From the Providence Press, April 19th.

J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin, was in this city several hours on Wednesday, the 5th inst., arriving in the New York boat in the morning, and leaving in the afternoon train for Boston. He stopped at the Aquidneck House, registering "J. Wilkes Booth and lady." It is stated that J. Wilkes Booth was to have commenced an engagement at the Louisville (Ky.) Theatre, March 20th, but that he failed to fulfill it without assigning any sufficient reason, and the manager was, therefore, compelled to supply his place by employing another actor. The cause of his delinquency is now painfully apparent.

THE LATE PRESIDENT AND HIS ASSASSIN.

From the New York Herald.

The personal relations existing before the murder between Booth and the President, augment the horror of the occurrence. Mr. Lincoln saw Booth play more than once, and particularly admired him. He once applauded him rapturously, and with all that genial heartiness for which he was distinguished. Booth, when told of the President's delight, said to his informant that he would rather have the applause of a negro. The President had never spoken with Booth, but wished to make his acquaintance, and said so. Booth evaded the interview, yet he knew Mr. Lincoln thoroughly well so far as his whereabouts and appearance were concerned, but never appreciated the President's good nature and personal benevolence.